

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIII. No. 2254

and **BYSTANDER**

London
September 6, 1944



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

PERFECTION!

JOHN
JAMESON

Not a drop is sold
till it's 7 years old

★ ★ ★ **WHISKEY**

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality

ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE

Under prohibition until it's all over



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

BRONNLEY

*Fine soaps
for fifty years*

TEL MAY 7777
THE MAY FAIR HOTEL
"IN
BERKELEY SQUARE"
LONDON. W.1.
SPECIAL APARTMENT RATES
for H.M. SERVICES & THEIR FAMILIES
THE VIKING BAR FAMED FOR ITS
SCANDINAVIAN SPECIALITIES
THE RESTAURANT
EVERY EVENING {SUNDAY
EXCEPTED}
JACK JACKSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Gram.S. MAYFAIRTEL PICCY. LONDON

IT'S CLEAR
NICHOLSON'S GIN
IT'S GOOD



Head Office :
Royal Exchange, London.

ROYAL EXCHANGE
Assurance

Incorporated A.D. 1720

SECURITY INTEGRITY ADAPTABILITY



"My Goodness—My Guinness"

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON

SEPTEMBER 6, 1944

Price:

One Shilling and Sixpence

Vol. CLXXIII. No. 2254

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Compton Collier

The Hon. Mrs. F. N. W. Cornwallis and Her Daughter

The Hon. Mrs. Cornwallis was photographed with her baby daughter at the home of her parents, Ashcroft, Wadhurst, Sussex. Formerly Miss Judith Lacy Scott, the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. G. Lacy Scott, her marriage to the Hon. Fiennes Neil Wykeham Cornwallis, only son of Lord and Lady Cornwallis, took place in 1942. Her husband is serving in the Coldstream Guards

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Look On This Picture . . .

By James Agate

UNLESS my mind has stopped working *The Seventh Cross* (Empire) is another of those films which, while not actually making a case for Nazi Germany, yet put forth strong claims on behalf of the mild, peace-loving German who is opposed to Hitler and all his works, and the Gestapo and all its devilries. Perhaps "opposed to Hitler" is too strong. The real hero of this film is one Paul Roeder (Hume Cronyn) who helps the ostensible hero, George Heisler (Spencer Tracy) to get out of the country, George having previously escaped from a concentration camp. Paul is a loyal soul who is willing to believe anything that he is told. He is earning more money under Hitlerism than he ever earned before. He is not in the least worried that he is making machine-gun parts instead of bicycles. He isn't opposed to Hitler, because he doesn't think about him.

behalf of dear George. They find George a bedroom at an inn where the chambermaid (Signe Hasso) recognizes George from a police advertisement offering a reward of 5,000 marks. Does the little witch telephone the Gestapo? No. It seems that all inns in Germany have chambermaids who loathe the Gestapo. Toni, for that is the girl's name, turns out to be the nicest German of the lot. She relinquishes the reward, hides George in her bedroom, and helps him to escape. And so George makes his ship. He has learned that Germany is overflowing with kindly Aryans. He is convinced that there is a "core of God-given decency" in every race and every people, and by implication, in Nazi Germany.

THE moral to be drawn from all this? I repeat that, unless my mind has stopped working, it can only be that we are to take



Spencer Tracy gives a magnificent performance in the latest M.G.M. picture "The Seventh Cross," now at the Empire. He is seen above with Signe Hasso, who plays Toni, the little waitress who risks her life for the man she knows only for twenty-four hours

BUT let me begin at the beginning. George is one of seven who have escaped from the camp. He has known so much torture and ill-treatment that he is spiritually a dead man. He does not believe that there is any good left in Germany or his fellow-Germans. And the rest of the picture is devoted to showing that Germany, at any rate in 1936, was brimming over with nice, kind creatures willing to risk death and worse to help a fellow-German in distress. There is an underground movement always ready with money and forged passports. It is true that one of the people to whom George applies is a cowardly architect (George Macready) who pretends not to know him. But the architect turns out to have a wife (Katherine Locke) who exudes the milk of human kindness, whereby the architect ultimately gives the underground movement the help it needs. Paul, it goes without saying, is quite willing to risk the worst the Gestapo can do to himself, his wife and three children, all on

care what we do to the few nasty Germans after the war for fear of hurting the nice ones who, we have seen, are all over the place. This film is extremely well acted, except that the part of George gives Spencer Tracy nothing to express beyond a kind of bewildered dismay. Until the last five minutes, when he realizes the God-given decency at the core of the German heart, a little impeded, it may be, by that Nazi ideology which, it is implied, will presently pass like measles, whooping-cough, or any other childish complaint.

I do not think Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are aware of their film's implications—I think somebody has pulled a fast one.

THERE is none of this pro-German nonsense about Mr. Emmanuel (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion). This good film shows the German mentality at its most cunning, and the German character at its foulest and filthiest. Not once does this film

weaken in this matter; there is not a single Aryan in it who has not accepted the Nazi ideology in all its beastliness. There is a German Aryan who has a little boy by her first husband a Jew. Her husband being "done in" she marries a German official and is delighted to hear and believe that her little boy is dead because his continued existence would have been a constant reminder of the pollution of her first marriage. Charming!

NOW let me make a point I have wanted to make for some time. My liking for this film is not based on the fact that Louis Golding, who wrote the novel, is a Manchester Jew. My liking for it has nothing to do with the fact that I lived for forty years in Manchester and that all my friends in that city were Jews. I am a pro-Semite, and am not swayed by the fact that this film is pro-Semite. I am pro-Semite because it is the only intellectually honest thing to be. Which does not mean that I don't appreciate certain anti-Semitic points of view. I do not, for example, understand that mysterious complaint from which all the apparently healthy performers in dance-bands suffer. It was explained to me the other day by Mr. Spike Hughes, our leading authority on swing, that to sit in an unhealthy atmosphere for hours blowing into saxophones with occasional intervals for the consumption of weak tea and pickled herrings leads to a state of debility which makes the defence of the country which has sheltered these sufferers impossible. I understand that pushing a pen in the R.A.S.C. would be instantly fatal. I am told that when their hearts go Bumpety-Bump it has nothing to do with Love, Love, Love, but is a symptom of cardiac exhaustion brought on by slapping a bass-fiddle with the open hand. No, I am not a pro-Semite in the sense that I think all Jews are good Jews, any more than I think all so-called Christians are good Christians. Reduce the case to its simplest terms and we get on the one hand the German determination to liquidate all Jews, good and bad, and on the other hand the Allied determination that they shall do nothing of the kind.

THE picture called *The Seventh Cross* obscures this, its final and total implication being that the Jew-baiting frenzy is something that will pass, and that Germany is full of kindly creatures. I regard the film at the Gaumont as a good film because it is an intellectually honest film in so far as it portrays current German mentality. I am not very much impressed by the story, because I just don't believe that any old Manchester Jew would be such a fool as to go poking his nose within a thousand miles of Berlin on behalf of a little Jewish boy at the time (1938) when Jew-baiting had become a German national sport.

BUT there is one thing upon which I congratulate somebody, and I take that somebody to be Mr. Harold French. The synopsis ends "On his return to England, Mr. Emmanuel tells Bruno his mother is dead. He must not grieve for her any more. In a bitter outburst Bruno vows that some day he will take revenge for all they have suffered. "No, Bruno, it must not be that way . . . it must be another sort of world . . . no more hate, or it will be to do all over again . . ." Which means that left to himself even our Golding is not free from the highbrow mania of thinking that you can prevent a second attack of some fearful evil by shaking hands and forgetting all about the first. Somebody, probably Mr. French, has cut the "bitter outburst" and sent Bruno off to play football instead. Had this child had his outburst and had Mr. Emmanuel been allowed to breathe one single word of the twaddle threatened by synopsis, I should have proclaimed this film to be by implication as much a menace as the other.

"Mr. Emmanuel"

Louis Golding's Novel is Filmed



Bruno (Peter Mullins), a refugee boy from Germany, is heartbroken because there is no news of his mother who is still in Berlin. His British foster mother (Elsbeth March) tries to comfort the boy



● Mr. Emmanuel is reviewed by James Agate on the preceding page. A gala premiere of the film was given at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on Monday last in aid of the Brigadier Kisch Memorial Fund. This fund, which is under the chairmanship of the Rt. Hon. Viscount Samuel with Field Marshal Sir B. Montgomery as Hon. President, has as its chief aim the provision of homes and employment in Palestine for Jews who, during the past few years, have been serving in the Allied cause

Bruno's anxiety so affects Mr. Emmanuel (Felix Aylmer) that he decides to go to Germany to try and find the boy's mother. He is seized by the Gestapo



In Berlin Mr. Emmanuel finds that a little girl he once dangled on his knee in Magnolia Street has become a great cabaret star. Elsie Silver (Greta Gynt) is a favourite of the Nazi leaders. Party Leader Brockenburg (Willi Rilla) is in love with her



With the help of Brockenburg, Elsie manages to secure the release of Mr. Emmanuel who has been thrown into prison accused of a political murder



At last, with Elsie's help, Mr. Emmanuel is able to trace the boy Bruno's mother. She is now Frau Heinkes, wife of a full-blooded Nazi official. To her Bruno is dead (Ursula Jeans, Frederick Richter, Felix Aylmer)



On the way back to England Mr. Emmanuel ponders deeply on what he can tell the boy Bruno. He decides against the truth. It is better for the boy that his mother should be regarded as dead

The Theatre

International Ballet (Adelphi)

By Horace Horsnell

BALLET, like love and golf, is an ancient and royal pastime that has modified its manners and technique with the passing years. The happy revellers who threaded their ribbons round maypoles on the greens of Merrie England probably had an altogether different conception of the dance from that of their jitterbug descendants today. Moreover, as mere spectators, they would doubtless have marvelled at the development of ballet as our Edwardian uncles did when Russian beauties eclipsed the racy frivolities of the Empire and Alhambra, and Pavlova and Nijinsky first twinkled in the heavens that incomparable Adeline Genée and nimble Fred Farren had previously adorned.

Modern ballet is a sophisticated and somewhat hybrid art. It takes its inspiration from many sources and several schools—Russian, French, Italian, American, what not. Today the Russian influence is paramount. With *Les Sylphides* as a kind of touchstone for style, and Massine's symphonic inventions as a warrant for freedom of theme, modern choreography ranges from the sublime to what sticklers for tradition might term the ridiculous. The taste in decoration tends to be highly eclectic.

At the moment, ballet is one of the theatre's most popular entertainments, and shows no sign of falling into neglect. The Sadler's Wells company which, with opera, has just established itself in permanent headquarters at the Prince's Theatre, flourishes exceedingly. Even in the most hazardous days of the raids on London it was not only certain of packed houses, but added some of its happiest new creations to a brilliant repertory. Its touring visits are the delight of the provinces.

THE International Ballet, directed by Mona Inglesby, is one of the latest to establish itself as a full-blown organization on the Russian model, with a repertory of its own and everything handsome about it. Its most distinguished feature is perhaps the decoration of its ballets. It may not rival the Sadler's Wells



The Grand Waltz of *Les Sylphides* is danced by the ballerina of the International Ballet Company, Mona Inglesby, and Rovi Ravinoff

entourage in style, but some of the artists it has enlisted to design settings and dress the dancers have contributed brilliant work.

The opening programme of this present season at the Adelphi included the ineffable *Sylphides* and *Everyman*, a mimed version of the old Morality play danced to music from Richard Strauss. Both these ballets have settings designed by Rex Whistler, whose recent death on active service in France is such a loss to the theatre his art adorned.

Whistler was a master of the art of pastiche. He had rapid invention, flawless technique, and a fastidiously nice sense of theatre decoration. This *Sylphides* setting of his has an eerie pallor. The shell of a ruined abbey in moonlight, it is given a prefatorial prominence by being shown as a "still" picture before the sylphides are seen posed for their ethereal revels.

The *Everyman* décor, with William Chappell's costumes, is firm and distinguished, and a more objective example of Whistler's fluent versatility.

The other two items in the programme are the popular dances from Borodin's *Prince Igor*, and an attractive suite of Spanish dances arranged by Angelo Andes who contributes an excellent matador *pas seul*. These provide a divertissement greatly to the taste of what is probably a less sophisticated audience than that which, in the good old days, used to vaunt its balletomania. The Spanish suite is delightfully costumed and danced, and has an excellent backcloth, evocative of Spain as the old masters saw and transmitted it to canvas.

Ballet Rambert

(Lyric, Hammersmith)

THE brave little Ballet Rambert, which is a pioneer of the modern English renaissance of classical ballet, is giving a repertory season that vindicates the faith of Marie Rambert, its founder, and her admirable insistence on the virtues of the classical style. The fourteen examples taken from the original repertory of the Rambert ballet wear well, and include those charmers, *Lady into Fox* and *Jardin aux Lilas*. From the Rambert school many of our younger dancers graduated to fame, and some of our most successful choreographers learned to practise their art in congenial conditions.

It is to Ninette de Valois, who directs the Sadler's Wells Company, and to Marie Rambert, that the revival of classical ballet in England is due. Miss Inglesby, who is an accomplished dancer, has therefore excellent examples to follow.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Dances from "*Prince Igor*" and the *Danses Espagnoles* are included in the International Ballet Company's Programme

Algeranoff and Domini
Callaghan in "*Prince Igor*"

Sonia Arova, Angelo Andes and
Herida May in *Danses Espagnoles*

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

A Prince is Born

THE news that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester had a second son was received all over the country—and, indeed, all over the world, for the Gloucesters are a popular young couple—with general rejoicing. Personal friends of the Duchess say that H.R.H. was just a little disappointed that it was not a girl, for she had made no secret of the fact that she would like a sister for Prince William; but, at the same time, with that sense of sound philosophy that is so characteristic of her, she also said that she would be thankful for a boy or a girl.

In accordance with the new ruling first introduced by the King when Prince William of Gloucester was born in December 1941, the Home Secretary was not in personal attendance at the birth of the new Prince. The old formality, which originated as a precaution against a changeling being substituted for the Royal baby, has been faithfully observed for many years, but it has now lapsed into an archaism, and I believe that the last occasion on which the Home Secretary was called upon to attend the birth of a royal child was at the birth of Princess Alexandra in December 1936.

Family Talk

THOSE members of the family who have seen the little Prince all declare that he is a bonny little man, with a distinct look already of his father. The "family smile" of the House of Windsor may well go down to history alongside other famous ancestral traits, such as the Bourbon nose, the Hapsburg lip, the Stuart profile, all of which can still be seen and easily detected to-day several centuries after the foundation of the families in question.

Biologists might find a profitable subject for further investigation in the strength and

predominance of characteristics like these, which seem to persist unchanged through the centuries in spite of the admixture of new blood with the original stock. More than one member of the Gordon-Lennox family to-day, for instance, need scarcely any disguise to appear as veritable reincarnations of Charles I.

Christening

So far, arrangements for the christening of the new Prince are uncertain, but it will be, as has been the case with each of the younger members of the new generation of the Royal Family, a quiet family affair in private. Incidentally, the baby will be the first member of his family for many years not to be baptised by Archbishop Lord Lang, one of whose last acts as Archbishop of Canterbury was to christen Prince Michael of Kent, the next youngest of the King's nephews and nieces.

The Duke of Gloucester was at St. Matthew's Nursing Home in Northampton when the baby was born, and later, when he knew all was well, went back to his country home at Barnwell Manor to convey the good news by telephone to the King and Queen, Queen Mary, and to a number of other family relatives.

If all goes according to plan, the Duchess and her young family will be setting off on a long voyage before many months are past, for the Duke is firmly resolved to take his family with him when he goes to Canberra to assume office as Governor-General of Australia in the near future.

Beyond the Tweed

TRAINS to the North have been packed for three weeks and more now with real shooting enthusiasts who are prepared to face



K. W. Smith

Reward for a Doctor's War Work

The Countess of Limerick, C.B.E., President of London City and County Red Cross, and Deputy Chairman of the Red Cross and St. John Joint War Organisation, presented Dr. Macdonnell with a medallion and certificate for his four years' work as medical inspector of Civil Defence workers. Mrs. Woolcombe is in the centre

all the rigours of wartime travel and undergo the discomfort of a sleeper-less night journey to gain an extra day on the moors.

Among the many well-knowns now on the other side of the Tweed—the right side to all true-thinking Scots—is Lord Wigram, Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King and former Private Secretary to King George V.

Lord Wigram is taking a well-deserved rest from his many and heavy duties, for he holds the important post of Deputy Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle, in which capacity he is directly responsible for the safety of Their Majesties and the Princesses

(Concluded on page 312)



Anglo-Polish Event: the Wedding of W/Cdr. T. Sawicz and Mrs. Diana Hughes

Swacbe

The Countess of Jersey and S/Ldr. T. Andersz drank a toast to W/Cdr. and Mrs. T. Sawicz after their marriage at Corpus Christi Church, Maiden Lane. The bride, widow of Hesketh Hughes, Welsh Guards, is the only daughter of Mr. P. C. Puckle, of Kineton, Warwickshire

At the reception after the wedding, Mrs. John Burn was talking to S/Ldr. the Hon. Mansel Child-Villiers, the Earl of Jersey's only brother. His sister-in-law, Lady Jersey, has done much good work for the welfare of Polish airmen in this country

Married in July

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland
at Dunrobin Castle



The Duchess and Her Son, Michael Dunkerly



The Duke and Duchess at Dunrobin Castle



The Duchess at Her Writing Table



The Duke at Work in His Study



In the Garden at Dunrobin

● The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who were married in London early in July, were photographed at Dunrobin Castle, where the Duke spends a good deal of his time. He is Lord Lieutenant of Sutherland, and does much Home Guard work up there. When in England his home is Sutton Place, Guildford. The Duchess, formerly Mrs. Clare Josephine Dunkerly, is his second wife; his first wife, who died last year, was a daughter of the seventh Earl of Lanesborough. The present Duchess has been twice married previously, and has a daughter by her first marriage, and a son by her second



Michael Dunkerly and a Friend



All family love is obliterated by the Nazi creed. The boy Emil hates the man who was his father and ruthlessly cuts his portrait to ribbons. As Emil, young David O'Brien gives a convincing performance

THE TATLER
BYSTANDER
SEPTEMBER 6, 1944
298



Emil: "It was my preference to fly by air. I therefore had my ticket changed"
Emil explains his unexpected appearance at the home of Professor Frame (Robert Harris, David O'Brien, Angela Glynn, Elizabeth Allan)

Nazi in Embryo

"To-morrow The World" Presents a Fearful and Pressing Problem

Photographs by Alexander Bender



Frieda: "So—someone fought you—good!"
The Frames' maid, Frieda, is a German, but she is not a Nazi (Lilly Kann, David O'Brien, Jean Cadell)



Miller: "Good book you've got there, youngster?"
Emil finds one friend in Fred Miller, a Nazi like himself (David O'Brien, Julien Mitchell)



Frieda: "It's fellows like you who make everyone hate Germans"
The boy tries to convert Frieda to his way of thinking, but she will have none of it



*Michael: "No one's going to hurt you, Emil"
If Emil gives punishment, he is also willing to take it.
No torture on earth shall make him cry, he says. He
expects to suffer and will suffer gladly for his Fuehrer*

● *To-morrow The World* is set in the home of Professor Michael Frame in a large University town in the Middle West. Into this well-ordered home there comes from Germany the orphaned nephew of Professor Frame. Suckled on sin, reared on brutality, the boy is a terrifying influence for evil. He holds no creed or belief beyond the divine right of the Fuehrer; nothing is sacred to him. Human kindness, self-sacrifice, generosity and patience pass him by. Unbelievable as it may be to peoples of this island, this boy is typical of the youth of Germany to-day. He represents one of the most serious problems which face the victorious nations. When peace is won, how shall we tackle the problem presented by such as these? The play was written by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau and is presented by Firth Shephard



Even in the home of intelligent people like the Frames, the boy's influence is terrifying. The evil in him spreads like fungi. At one stage, Michael is only prevented from killing the boy by the interference of Leona



True to his belief that nothing must stand in the way of Nazi progress, Emil is without pity. When Patricia learns that he has stolen the key of her father's laboratory, Emil decides that he must get rid of her. He hits her on the head, very nearly killing the child, who is found unconscious by her father (Jean Cadell, Robert Harris with Angela Glynne in his arms, David O'Brien)



*Michael: "We're going to keep Emil here"
The Frames discuss the possibility of sending Emil away. Michael cannot bear the thought that evil has been allowed to triumph. He decides that at all costs the fight must go on*

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHETHER the aborigines of Worthing, Sussex, that South Coast resort which a chap was justly praising the other day for its soft Southern climate, are aware of their town's fame is doubtful, travellers say.

It was at Worthing in the summer of 1894, believe it or not, that Wilde dashed off *The Importance of Being Ernest*, the most brilliant and enchanting artificial comedy in the English language, at No. 5, The Esplanade, naming one of its principal playboys "John Worthing." Probably 98 per cent. of Worthing aborigines have never heard of this honour. Their principal peacetime occupations are growing tomatoes under glass and staring vaguely at summer visitors enjoying the delights of the British Biarritz (vide Southern Railway). Ever since Princess Amelia, one of George III's fifteen children, discovered Worthing in the 1790's the inhabitants have been staring in genuine surprise at visitors. A snuffy Victorian guidebook we treasure remarks that Worthing "contains nothing to detain the ordinary tourist." This is a lie. Worthing is one of the many seaside places in these islands where the thoughtful observer realises the meaning of the word "pleasure," which is the pain of living complicated by shingle in the shoes.

Footnote

IN the village of Tarring, just outside the town and nowadays hideous in the extreme, St. Thomas Becket had a country house when Archbishop of Canterbury. They grow figs extensively at Tarring and the fig-bird, the *beccafico*, flies over from Italy every year, so the story goes, to taste them. The *beccafico* seems to stick at nothing.

Rap

Nor for the first time, citizens seriously addicted to the theatre have been complaining to the papers of the inaudibility of the young modern actress.

Excessive modern theatrical lighting obviously explains some of it, as we've hinted before. When a stage-set was lit only by a couple of wax chandeliers and dim oil footlights the players had to rave and roar and stamp (we bet Garrick was a ham) to put themselves over. Yet another reason for little actresses' inaudibility, which nobody has yet thought of, is that the tiny sweethearts are fundamentally kindhearted and want to spare the audience suffering. In that case an

actress should take the public into her confidence by tripping daintily down to the footlights and saying, for example:

I'm *fwightfully* sowwy, but the *dweadful* author has witten some perfectly *widiculous* wubbish in this scene, and we don't think you'll *lewwisibly* care to hear it. So we'll just *mumble* fwough the next ten minutes, if you don't *fwightfully* mind.

After the play they might bring the author on and hit him, the louse. Stage people hate and despise authors because they're untidily dressed, scratch themselves, drink, bite their nails, pinch little actresses on the bustle as they trot past, and raise a terrific howl if the tripe they write isn't spoken exactly as written. Faugh! Out!

Trick

WHY Dittmar, Nazi military commentator, recently went out of his way to praise Wellington as "the only British soldier in history of European stature" has puzzled some chaps, seeing that every German history-book makes Wellington's share of Waterloo practically nil, that victory having been won (hoch! hoch!) by Blücher's covering up the Duke's blunders.



"I was wondering if we could divert the northbound convoy slightly, Admiral—my wife has just got wind of a refrigerator for sale in New York!"



MAURICE M'LOUGHLIN

"Which do you prefer, madam, brown bread, or just ordinary wholemeal loaf?"

It reminds us of that sound old controversial trick of infuriating your adversary by choosing some less important rival in his own bunch and praising him regretfully to the skies. Dons (whose vanity is quite insane, like that of politicians) are often driven crazy this way. E.g., you write to the paper concerned:

Professor Snuffle should certainly learn to present his case, poor as it is, with the far more convincing clarity of Professor Poop, whose work in this field (etc., etc.).

Next day the great Snuffle is out for Poop's blood and you can hear the snarls and screams from Cambridge (Eng.) to Hicksville (Pa.). Your next move is to accuse Snuffle obliquely—keeping the libel laws in mind—of snitching Poop's best ideas, thus:

The school of thought which owes its inception to Professor Poop, and has influenced Towser, Rumble, Moke, Gumboil, Snout, and apparently one or two on the fringe of the Poop Group, such as Professor Snuffle of Iscariot, whose development of the Poop theory (etc., etc.).

The fat is then in the fire, or vice-versa. It's enormous fun and we've done it ourselves. All these boys are stiff with Luciferian pride and anybody's meat.

Bridge

IT was on the lovely Ponte Vecchio, the only Florentine bridge the retreating Boche reluctantly spared—perhaps he was thinking of the postwar German tourist racket—that Dante caught his first recorded glimpse of Beatrice, unless we err abominably.

(Concluded on page 302)



Wedding Guests are Gathered in Le Jardin aux Lilas

An Anthony Tudor Ballet

The Ballet Rambert Revive "Jardin aux Lilas"



The Bridegroom meets the "Woman in His Past" (Joan McClelland, Michael Bayston)



The Lover says farewell to the Bride-to-Be (Sally Gilmour, Frank Staff)



Ballerina of the Ballet Rambert is Sally Gilmour, who in "Jardin aux Lilas" is Caroline, the Bride-to-Be

● *Jardin aux Lilas*, to the music of Chausson, was first produced by Anthony Tudor for Marie Rambert in 1936. It is one of the seven Tudor ballets which are included in the present season of the Ballet Rambert at the Lyric, Hammersmith. The story is of Caroline, the bride-to-be, who on the eve of her marriage to the man she does not love is trying to take a last farewell from her lover amidst continual interruptions by the wedding guests. Costumes and decor are by Hugh Stevenson

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Craftsmen's and jewellers' shops lined the Ponte Vecchio in Dante's day as they do now; the Arno then as now flowed apple-green and jade, changing to pale brown after a thunderstorm in the hills, and blue at rare intervals. Last time we loafed on this bridge an American female voice broke the crystalline evening hush, complaining bitterly of its poor hot tired feet. We idly pondered Dante's reaction if he'd overheard the same from Beatrice as she passed with her companions, lily-pale and regal. Undoubtedly it would have meant a mystic, rapturous sonnet in the *Vita Nuova* on the divine feet of the Beloved, rosy and flaming as the Dawn, weary with bringing light and goodness and beauty to a dazzled world.

The stout middle-aged escort of the American lady had no such ethereal thoughts and was obviously longing for the rich free life of Muncie, Ind. and satiated to the back-teeth with Italy and the Cinquecento. He said: "Yuh, well, I guess you asked for it, honey." To which his Beatrice replied with some asperity: "Back home Henry Robinson you'll be the first to say why didn't we see evv'ying there was" and her Dante yawned and said: "Well, me for a darned good peek at the hay right now."

A pair of typical Babbitts; bored, hot, tired, awkward, unsophisticate, bewildered, out of place, absurd, and quite possibly the salt of the earth, as a Dante—or still more his great master, Aquinas—might have detected in five minutes, who knows?

Haven

AMID the increasing thunders of Armageddon and the growing noise of victory, Auntie *Times's* more serious little readers have been furiously debating whether or not, in the Test Match of 1896, a ball bowled by Ernest Jones settled in W. G. Grace's beard. Just one of those topics which stir an Imperial Race to frenzy.

Judging by a photograph in the 1896 *Wisden*, apparently Grace's beard was not luxuriant enough in that year to offer a ball even a temporary resting-place. Five years later this beard (which was Big Medicine and Strong Magic) had grown so thick that very small French actresses used to hide in it for fun, as is well known. Mistinguett was one of them. Spinelly was another. Gaby Deslys was a third. Grace encouraged them to hide in his face-shubbery because it shocked and annoyed the M.C.C., priggish then as now. "Moreover," roared the terrible Doctor, "the poor wantons are safer in my whiskers than in the Pavilion." This was a crack at a libidinous type of Test cricketer who liked to decoy little French actresses into the Pavilion and romp with them, in a clumsy oafish way.

At the Casino de Paris in 1902 Mistinguett, clothed in a whacking great ostrich-

feather headdress and tripping up and down the customary staircase, sang a saucy little song about the Doctor's beaver which went:

*Dans le beau castor du Docteur,
Oh, là, là,
Pige-moi ça!
Les môm's s'y cach'-de très bon cœur,
Là, là, là, là, là!
Ça fait du bon, c'est gai, c'est chic,
N'y a pas mac, n'y a pas mic,
J'aimè le croquet comm' du cric,
Oh, là, là,
Là, là!*

Glossary

Castor=beaver. *Pige-moi ça*="Take a look (gander) at that!" *Môme*=cutie. *Mic-mac*=complication, fuss, mess-up. *Crocket*=cricket. *Cric*=brandy. No wonder the outraged M.C.C. complained to two Governments and nearly wrecked the Entente.

Weekend

ALLLEGING the British Saturday-to-Monday to be of quite recent invention, a gossip might have looked up the letters of Horace Walpole, who describes to Horace Mann how one cold Saturday afternoon in June, 1794, as he was crossing the village-green of Twickenham, he saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half a dozen other languid members of White's



"That's Blotto, the tattooist; he has designs on me"

lounging at the door of a house they had taken there to play "whisk" in every Saturday and Sunday. Even then the out-of-town weekend was an institution.

Why those beaux couldn't have played whisk in town, as on every other day of the week, Walpole can't imagine. Our explanation is that boredom had driven them from White's, only to find themselves half-dead with ennui in the country—for why otherwise weren't they inside the Twickenham house, rooking each other for large sums? One can hear their exhausted murmurs from here as they survey the rural scene distastefully through their quizzing-glasses:

LORD BATH: Cow.

LORD LONSDALE: What?

LORD BATH: Cow.

LORD LONSDALE: Where?

LORD BATH: There

(Lord L. gives the cow a once-over but doesn't think much of it. Nor does Lord Bath, who is yawning dismally. Nor does Lord Middlesex, a picture of misery. Eventually a member of White's in salmon and silver lace drifts up and yawns and says "Play?")

LORD BATH: Play? Oh, Ged.

LORD LONSDALE: Oh, Ged.

LORD MIDDLESEX: Oh, Ged.

They drifted indoors eventually, no doubt, and played for the next twentyfour hours or so without a break. But, damme, what agony. What stoical courage and resignation. What a life.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Go on, Mrs. Harrington, here's your opportunity to show us how you twist men round your little finger"

Five Bars to Glory

The Two Greatest Fighter
Pilots of the War

G/Capt. "Sailor" Malan and
W/Cdr. "Johnnie" Johnson

Portraits by
Olive Snell



Cdr. J. E. J. Johnson, D.S.O. and Two Bars, D.F.C. and Bar



G/Capt. A. G. Malan, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar

The name of "Sailor" Malan will go down in history for his exploits during the Battle of Britain. In January this year, the famous South African fighter pilot, who for so long held the top-scoring record—he has destroyed over thirty enemy aircraft—left Biggin Hill to take up a new appointment. Born and educated in Wellington, South Africa, Malan travelled round the world before the mast in the S.A. training ship *General Botha*, hence his nickname. He joined the R.A.F. in 1938, and in 1940 was awarded the D.F.C. for operations over Dunkirk, a Bar being added for night operations. He was commanding a squadron in August that year, engaged in fighter operations over England and the Channel. In 1941 he received a Bar to the D.S.O.

It was on July 1st this year that W/Cdr. "Johnnie" Johnson beat Malan's long-standing record of thirty-two enemy aircraft destroyed, and since then has added a few more to the bag, including two F.W. 190s in one day, when his own plane was badly shot up. His victories have been mainly over France, where he now commands a Canadian Spitfire wing. Besides five British decorations, Johnson holds the American D.F.C. He has flown nearly 100 escort missions with U.S. daylight task forces, during which he made at least fourteen of his kills. "Johnnie" Johnson was born in 1915, and his home is at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire.



A Mothers' Meeting

● Last October the National Stud was moved by the director, Mr. P. Burrell, from Tully, Co. Kildare, to Dorset, and the twenty mares owned by the Stud are now comfortably settled in their new quarters. The three best known of them are Clarence (Sun Chariot's dam); Myrobella, a great sprinter in her time, and dam of Big Game; and last, but not least, the great Sun Chariot herself, of whom, with their offspring, pictures appear on these pages. The National Stud now owns about 300 acres, and by 1946 it is hoped another 100 acres will have been acquired



The Entrance to the National Stud



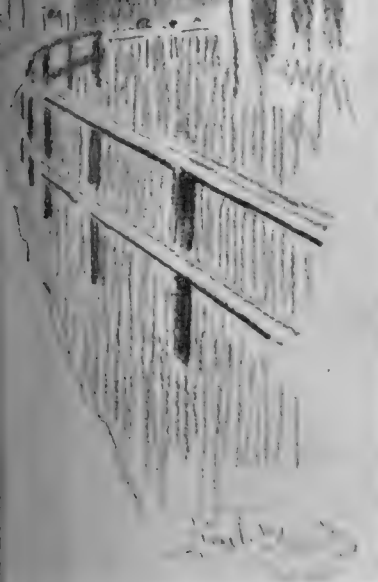
Three Bay Colts: the Nearest is by Nearco Out of Myrobella



Caretta's Chestnut Colt



Myrobella (Big Game's Dam) with Her Foal by Mieuxcé



at Gillingham



is by Big Game



Sun Chariot and Clarence with Their Foals by Blue Peter and Hyperion

A Rival to Sonja Cuts the Ice

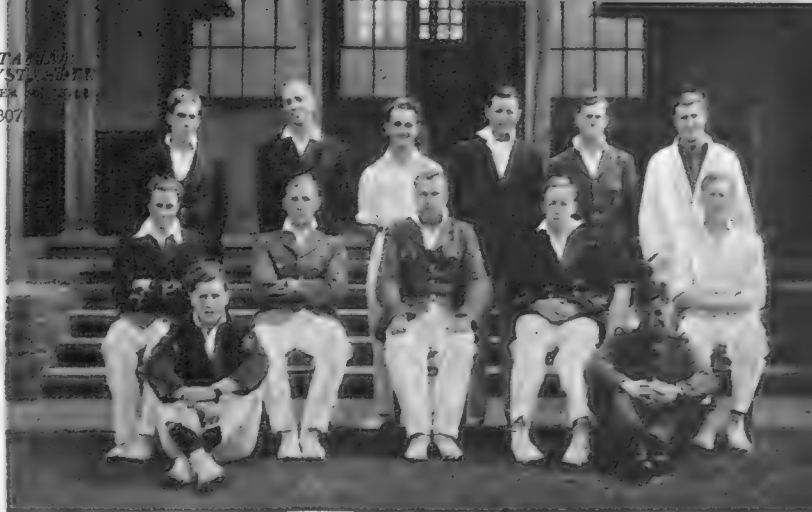
British-Born Belita Jepson-Turner Shows
Her Paces in "Lady Let's Dance"



Belita Dances as Well as Skates in Her New Film

● Ice-blond Belita—born in Nether Wallop, Hampshire, some twenty years ago—has been acclaimed in New York as a coming rival to Sonja Henie. Critics over there hail her as a superb dancer both on and off the ice, and in *Lady Let's Dance*, due for London presentation shortly, she is given every opportunity to demonstrate her double skill. Belita has been dancing in public since she was one year old. By the time she was nine she had established her proficiency in the ballet and at eleven was co-starred in *The Bluebird* with Anton Dolin, famous European ballet-master, who was her instructor. She started skating at the age of four, and by the time she was ten had won her bronze, silver and gold medals in figure-skating. At twelve she represented England at the ice figure-skating championships in the winter Olympic Games held at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany. At fourteen she opened as the star of an elaborate "opera on ice" at Covent Garden, and later appeared with Dolin in a ballet presentation by the great Nijinsky





A Cricket Match in the North: Loretto School v. a Combined Services XI.

D. R. Stuart

Loretto School had previously beaten their two principal rivals in the North, Fettes and Merchiston, as well as Leys School, evacuated to the North. On ground: D. G. Cairns, J. M. Burns. Sitting: J. L. C. Fotheringham, I. A. Ross, A. M. C. Wotherspoon, D. G. Lachlan, B. Butters. Standing: W. A. Williamson, J. MacPherson, T. O. Picton, G. M. Bell

The Combined Services team, beaten by Loretto School at Eskbank, Musselborough, scored 93 runs to the School's 134 for six wickets. On ground: D. R. Beverley, H. R. Cullen. Sitting: J. D. Sturman, J. A. Sharp, W. O. Whipple (captain), R. H. Chalker, J. W. Sunderland. Standing: J. Barraclough, C. A. Pogson, R. Torr, J. S. Downing, J. Morpheus, D. Martin (umpire)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Twice Falsified

BOTH the sarcastic commentator of 1870 and the one of 1940 have been proven to be in the wrong. The 1870 prophet said, after the surrender of Sedan: "La France ne mords plus elle a perdu ses dents!" The followers of another Marshal of France, who also sold the pass, repeated this "bon mot" when Sedan was lost in 1940. Our indomitable Allies are not yet back in Sedan, but the Barbarians, who have twice overrun that famous bolt position, have every reason to be aware of the fact that La France can still bite very hard indeed.

How They Bet

CLOSE on to the Leger (September 16th) and not far off the Champion (September 26th) and Middle Park Stakes (September 27th), it is as well to adopt a prudent course, and run our eyes over the published betting lists, because of the possibility of their providing a few little

straws blown by the wayward wind. I suggest that we do not go farther back than early August. This is what we find: Tehran a steady 5-1 and 9-2 favourite, ever since it was known that Gordon Richards had selected him as his ride and, as I think I recall, said something in a B.B.C. broadcast about what a good colt he was. He may be a real crack, but beyond being told how well he has gone in his work with Umidad, this year's somewhat lucky Gold Cup winner, I suggest that we have no solid evidence that he could have won that false-run Derby (excepting on an objection). There is this further: that a jockey's tip is proverbially just about as bad as the will of a solicitor made by himself. Personally, I do not believe that anyone knows what ought to have won that Derby. I believe Ocean Swell might not have had to work his passage quite so hard if his jockey had set the kind of pace that suits a stayer and not allowed the race to be turned into a six-furlong scramble. A man

on crutches could have gone nearly as fast as this field did for the first six, but it would have taken a bandersnatch all his time to stay with them in the second six, with the consequence that they were all as dead as herrings when they passed the post. Is this reassuring? To proceed: Borealis has been almost equally steady in the quotations, 7-1, 13-2, 6-1. He is popularly called the "form" horse, because he has beaten both Ocean Swell and Happy Landing, but *not*, be it marked, over a distance which could be regarded as a gallop for the Leger. He is reported to have done everything he has been asked to do in his work; he is a sturdy, hard-working sort and bred sufficiently like a stayer to encourage confidence, but the only thing that should concern the careful speculator is public achievement.

The Derby Winner

SIMILARLY, Ocean Swell has been at a pretty constant figure, and has now shortened from 7-1 to 6-1, with not many takers. If I am right about the Derby, he is the second best bet for the Leger, the best one being, in my opinion, Hycilla, now at 7-1, formerly 8-1, 100-12 taken. Happy Landing was at tens and twelves for quite a time, and then drifted out to 18-1. I am afraid he is tender-footed and that, unless the galloping surface is very kind to him, he may not prove a best-seller for his owner. He is not gone in the wind, as has been hinted more than once, but he does make a slight noise. He is, too, heavily topped

(Concluded on page 308)



Cricket for the Red Cross: the West of Scotland Beats the East at Hamilton Crescent

D. R. Stuart

The West of Scotland XI., with five international players, scored 139 for six wickets, their opponents being all out for 135. Sitting: R. M. Macfarlane, John Kerr, A. Neill (captain), H. A. Sheppard, A. Smith. Standing: Lt. Cooper, R.N.V.R. (umpire), J. H. Culley, F. E. Leatherby, J. Aitchison, G. J. Sellars, N. Earnshaw, H. F. Sheppard, T. Martin (umpire)

The East of Scotland included six internationals in their team. Proceeds of the match, played for the Red Cross, amounted to £120, and 3500 people attended. Sitting: A. R. Macleod, D. Brown, J. M. Fleming (captain), J. M. Tennant, J. P. Wren. Standing: Lt. N. Cooper, R.N.V.R. (umpire), W. S. Shaw, L. J. Harries, A. Johnston, R. A. Hollingdale, R. S. Hodge, J. D. Matthews, T. Martin (umpire)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

for hard going. Rockefella, from being 100—7 and fourteens and sixteens, was knocked out to 50—1, because it was announced that he had hit his foot against a stone: but later he quickly recovered to 16—1, and let us hope that he will not get measles or mumps or any other disease before he goes out on to the course. I still believe that it would be wise to keep our eyes skinned where this colt is concerned. Poor Orestes likewise went out from 40—1 to 50—1, in spite of his win over 1½ miles at Windsor. He has been a sad disappointment to his owner, and I am afraid that we must accept the verdict of the betting market. I wish we need not. Can we say that some outsider is going to spring it upon us? Personally I am not sure. It is only right to direct attention to the fact that Growing Confidence was galloping on when he finished third in the one-mile Eton Stakes at Windsor on August 7th. The pace was wrong, and in the Derby, for which he started favourite at 9—2, he was never in the hunt. In the Guineas he was running on, and was only beaten a head by Garden Path: Tehran, a length and a half away, third; but these distances have been questioned. Growing Confidence is as handsome as paint, but that dismal failure in the Derby, run as it was to suit any non-stayer,



Dennis Moss

A Y.M.C.A. Van from America

This Y.M.C.A. van bears the inscription: "The Gift of Friends of Britain, N. Syosset, Long Island, U.S.A." Beside it stand Mrs. H. de Freville, who has run the Y.M.C.A. canteen in Cirencester for four years, and Miss Allen



Lord Nuffield and the Home Guard

Lord Nuffield recently inspected a Home Guard Company, the majority of whose members are his employees. Afterwards he was photographed with—sitting: Capt. W. C. Wyatt, Major H. F. Owen-Evans, M.B.E., Lord Nuffield, Lt.-Col. J. A. Douglas, Lt.-Col. W. P. Browne, M.C. Standing: C.S.M. H. Perkins, M.M., 2nd Lt. J. A. C. Howard, Lt. E. W. Burrin, Lt. G. A. Morris, Lt. C. H. Turner, C.Q.M.S. F. A. Walker



"Forms at a Glance": by "The Tout"

Collected at a recent meeting: Major L. B. Holliday, who trains with Bob Colling at Headquarters, is also Master of the Badsworth. His useful three-year-old Wragby beat Friar's Fancy in the Risby Handicap at Newmarket in June, and last time out finished second to Glossary, when the latter won there in July. Major Holliday's well-bred Hunsingore showed much promise earlier in the season, since when he has been disappointing, but probably requires softer going to be seen at his best. Lt.-Col. W. Stephenson has piloted the crack northern sprinter Pamphios in all his races this season, and Major Clive Graham was a well-known racing scribe before he joined the Army at the outbreak of war

sticks in the memory. His win over 1½ miles at Ascot on August 26th will, no doubt, predispose many of those who backed him to win in the Derby in his favour, but can it be said that the form behind him was stout enough to make it a real test? I do not think so. In the meanwhile, we may all miss picking the winner, but there is something else that so many will miss, the kindly presence of Lord Ellesmere, a former Senior Steward, a turf administrator with vision and one of the most popular owners who ever went racing. In my sapling days, it used to be said that you could not meet a bad Egerton, because none had ever been made.

From India

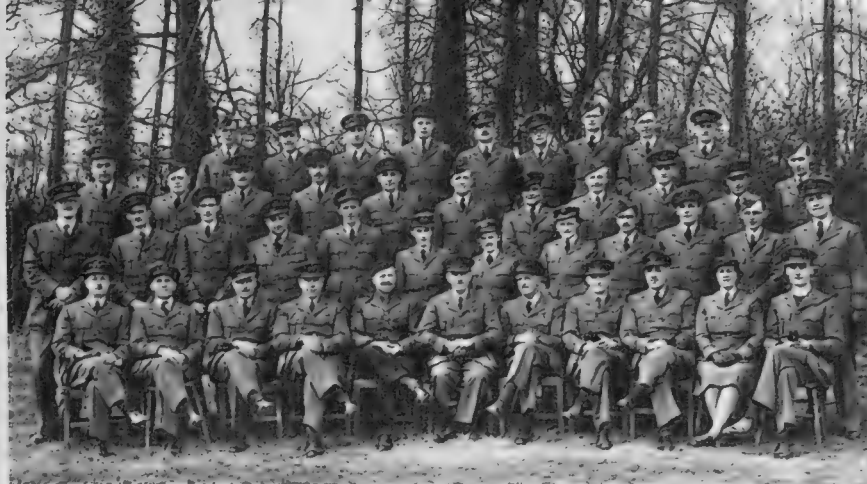
THE decision to stop all racing throughout India for the duration has not come as a surprise to owners in the Land of Regrets, in view of what is known to be in the immediate offing. A letter recently received from an unknown friend says that, although it is a blow to all owners on both sides of the country—Calcutta and Bombay—it is recognised that with the latter as the point of ingress and the former that of egress for troops and munitions, the strain on transport will be considerable, and therefore the ban has been accepted with good grace. It is the first time in the history of the Indian turf that racing has been interfered with by operations of war. Neither The Mutiny, South Africa nor the First German War interfered in any way, but this is different.

D.A.D.B.s

TRY as we may, I suppose even the best-intentioned amongst us cannot keep off the most boresome topic of the passing hour. But here is no evil intention to cause "each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porpoentine," but to suggest a feasible reason for their failure to explode on contact, as a good many of them do. I suggest that some of these bugs are fitted with a delayed-action fuse of the same type as that invented by the engaging Doctor Scheele, and eagerly adopted by Kapitän-leutnant Franz von Rintelen during the last war for destroying British ships carrying ammunition from America to England. It was a delightfully simple contraption. What Scheele did was this: he constructed a little hollow lead tube about the size and shape of a cigar. In the middle of this, a circular disc of copper was pressed, dividing the thing into two chambers. In one he put picric acid, into the other sulphuric. The two ends of the "cigar" were plugged with wax and light lead caps made all snug. If a long delay were desired—say, a fortnight—the copper disc was thick; if a short one, it was thin. The moment the two acids united there was a little explosion, and an intense flame shot out from both ends of the tube, which, being lead, melted, leaving no trace.

In our issue of August 23rd we stated that the cricket match, Tonbridge School v. The Old Tonbridgians, ended in a draw. Actually, the last wicket of the Old Tonbridgians fell off the last ball of the match, resulting in a tie.

On Active Service



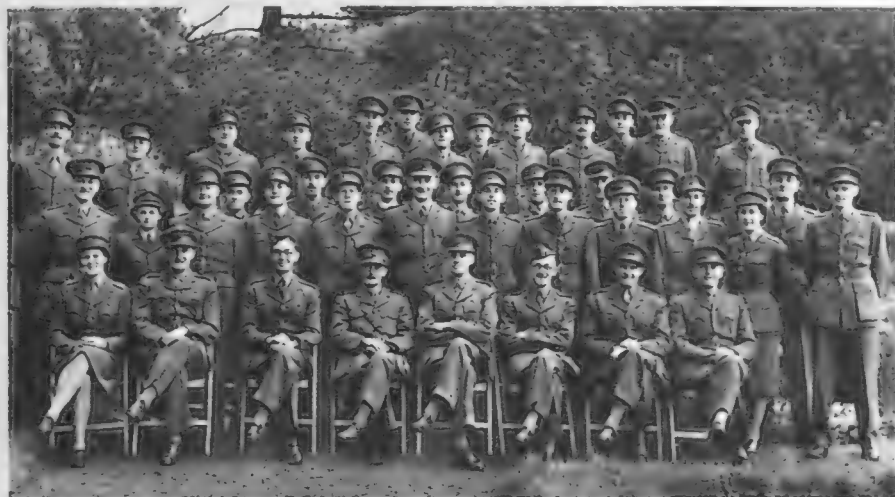
R.A.F. Officers of a Maintenance Unit

W. Dennis Moss

Front row: F/Lt. W. H. Lindsay, S/Ldrs. G. H. Seeley, N. G. N. Davies, J. C. Richmond, Lt.-Col. J. E. Dalrymple-Hay, W/Cdr. R. H. Stoken (Station Commander), W/Cdr. G. R. Ashton, A.F.C., F/Lts. A. Gammon, E. H. G. Holtham, F/O. E. Holliday, S/Ldr. Rev. N. R. Edmondson. Second row: F/Lt. T. Swift, F/O. J. W. C. Squire, F/Lts. M. I. Vivian, A. Frenkel, F/O. R. Allen, S/Os F. St. C. Vivian, M. M. Strike, B. F. Wood, P/O. R. Pearman, F/Lts. W. Hill, C. J. Smith, S. C. V. Chiswell. Third row: F/O. T. C. Whatley, F/Lt. H. F. V. Marshall, F/O. P. Wood, P/O. R. Woodward, F/Lt. S. W. Martin, F/O. W. J. Sellen, F/Lt. B. J. Devlin, F/Os W. G. Wells, R. A. Mardling, J. C. Couch, K. H. V. Freeman. Back row: P/O. H. J. Ambrose, F/Lt. W. C. Purdy, P/O. P. J. Crittendon, F/Os A. R. Jacques, R. G. Ell, J. S. W. Jackson, H. Evans, C. J. Robbins



Officers of the R.A.F. Regiment



Officers of a Training Battalion, R.A.S.C.

H. Gill

In front: F/Os E. Harris, A. Christison. Sitting: Major Lord Hugh Kennedy, M.C., S/Ldr. C. Larkin, Major L. Pyrk, W/Cdr. G. Maxwell, M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C., Lt.-Col. L. Jones, S/Ldrs. L. Childs, H. Dodd. Standing: F/Os G. Warn, E. Stringer, F/Lt. V. Rees, P/O. F. Gardener, F/Lts. Sir Michael Bruce, Bt., S. Gee, F/O. R. Stevens, D. Copeman



Staff Officers of an Area H.Q. in the Middle East

Front row: J/Cdr. R. D. Allerton, Majors C. R. Waite, A. W. Schuster, Brig. H. B. B. Butler, O.B.E., Lt.-Col. L. W. Walsh, O.B.E., Capt. J. Carter, Majors E. L. P. Whiteley, H. G. Burwell. Second row: Lt. R. S. Vermum, Sub. Dalby, Lt. S. W. Martin, Capt. H. A. Hughes, Majors E. Pierce, E. L. Every, Lts. H. S. C. Paul, C. E. Hickson, C. Lewis, Capt. N. A. E. Kavanagh, Sub. S. Palmer, Capt. A. W. Payne. Third row: Lt. D. W. Hubbard, Capt. E. G. Breed, C. F. Anderson, S. C. R. Wicks, D. J. A. Alban Jones, R. F. Bernhardt, Lt. F. E. K. Allen, Capt. T. G. Rowden. Back row: Lts. R. Jackson, G. L. Walker, Capt. R. J. Whiting, Lt. T. G. Yeoward, 2nd/Lts. P. P. Judkin, D. C. Venner, H. A. McCrow, Lts. W. R. Croucher, W. G. Chapman, F. D. Anderson, 2nd/Lt. D. H. Davies, Lt. W. Carney, Capt. T. B. Verity

Above: Front row—Majors J. K. Raine, A. F. Jarvie, F. Allen, G. L. Arthur, Lt.-Col. F. Shaker, T.D., the Commander, Col. C. Popham, O.B.E., Lt.-Col. T. L. Frankland, Majors D. L. Adam, K. H. Wilson, J. Savory. Back row: 2nd/Lt. R. Dalley, Capt. W. V. Hodson, L. C. Manington, R. K. Ramsey, J/Cdr. C. V. Coles, A.T.S., Capt. H. E. G. Harvey, E. P. Roland, A. Aitken, G. Bradbury, M. Roberts

Right: Front row—3rd/O. Harwood, Pay-Lt. Adams, R.N.V.R., Lt. Spencer, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (E.) Henzell, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. Carnie, R.N.V.R., Cdr. Peirson, D.S.C., R.N., Surg.-Cdr. Butcher, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (E.) Weir, R.N., Lt. Dennis, R.N., Lt. Fison, R.N.V.R., 2nd/O. Archer. Middle row: Sub-Lt. Hoare, R.N.V.R., Lt. Dance, R.N.V.R., 3rd/O. Sharp, Lt. Kelsey, R.N.V.R., Lt. Johnston, R.N.V.R., Lt. Smith, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (E.) Jones, R.N.V.R., Lt. (E.) Colbourn, R.N., Lt. Trevers, R.N.V.R., Lt. (E.) Duff, R.N., Sub-Lt. Youatt, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., 3rd/O. Halliday, 3rd/O. Hare. Back row: Surg.-Lt. Douglas, R.N.V.R., Mr. Martin, R.N., Mid. Lewis, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (E.) Landeg, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Howes, R.N.V.R., Lt. Walter, R.N.V.R., Lt. (E.) Hughes-Coppins, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Wood, R.N.V.R., Lt. McMaster, R.N.V.R.



Officers of a Coastal Force Base

Smale

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

One-Man Tour

NOEL COWARD'S *Middle East Diary* (Heinemann; 6s.) is no mean addition to our documents of wartime travel. But better still, it is a diary, *par excellence*. It is personal; it is in the good sense wayward, showing the fluctuations of mood and spirit; the events and impressions in it are hot from the mint. Mr. Coward is not a journalist, and does not have to strain after objectivity; he gives us the Middle East as it struck him, and, at the same time, with both grace and naturalness, a picture of himself being struck by the Middle East. "With practically no deletions, and the addition of a very few afterthoughts," the diary has been published as he wrote it. The deletions, no doubt, are of two kinds: those that comply with military censorship, and those in the interests of discretion—inevitably, you will find yourself trying to spot where these latter occur, for the diary teems with personalities. The afterthoughts, I imagine, are thoughts thought at the time, but not noted down till later: none stick out.

Mr. Coward wrote every day throughout the entertainment tour he undertook in North Africa and the Middle East, from July to October 1943. That he should have succeeded, through thick and thin, in keeping the diary up-to-date would be the ultimate proof, if such were needed, of his phenomenal energy. I find myself using "energy" in the literal, or chemical, sense. For this was a one-man tour: it involved going all out, not only upon a variety of platforms, under a nerve-racking variety of unforeseen circumstances, but morning, noon and night in a whirl of faces and voices between concert and concert. The official "appearances" were, not infrequently, three a day; the unofficial appearances were non-stop. To say he was welcome wherever he stopped off is to put it mildly—in one place, a horse took to him so kindly that it went on licking his arm till his arm was sore; and I'm not sure that that horse isn't symbolic. One of the most likeable things about Mr. Coward is that he likes being liked, and is not afraid of showing that at the time or of saying so afterwards. All the same, such welcomes take their toll. The sensations of one from whom this toll is being taken—put on record, as they are here, without blasé-ness, cynicism, or the slightest touch of complacency—are as interesting as anything in *Middle East Diary*.

No, you do not go all out for three months on end without from time to time feeling all in. The Forces, who packed the performances, saw and heard a celebrity of tearing vitality, which did not, as you might say, rub off when they rubbed shoulders with him after the concerts. But the diary lets us see a considerably tired man, keeping a close hold on body and nerves. There are all kinds of courage. Mr. Coward admits, for one thing—this may surprise the reader—to an

abysmal nervousness before each performance. He found himself, at least once, expected to be on tap at the uninspiring hour of 10 a.m. Many platforms were mounted within a few minutes of his having been grilled in 'plane or jolted almost to pieces on a desert car drive. Pianos (at least one lacked the necessary outlying octaves, so that Mr. Coward's hands were left to prance in the air) were only less incalculable than microphones.

Panorama

THE much that went right will remain on official record; the diary holds some (for us) entrancing glimpses of the unexpected little things that went wrong. There were, for instance, the Habbaniyah birds. This particular concert, on a part of the tour when Mr. Coward had the support of George, his accompanist, took place—

... in a large cinema with an excellent stage and first-rate acoustics. George was beaming behind a beautiful concert grand and everything was well organised and efficient to the last degree. The only thing that no one had warned me about was a series of birds' nests cosily ensconced in the roof of the hall. In these nests whole families lived, and they were absolutely fascinated by the whole performance. The moment I started to sing they started to sing. At first I thought I'd gone out of my mind, then I grimaced violently off-stage at the man who was controlling the microphone, thinking that these peculiar sounds must be something to do with that. I rushed off after my first number and asked what was happening. The man smiled. "Birds," he said. "That's all—just bloody little dicky birds!"

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

LOVE, I suppose, is killed more often by unconscious indifference than by infidelity. Human nature being what it is, one of the lovers simply cannot keep it up. And the other, chilled by what appears to be an increasing coldness in their relationship, eventually, possibly with heartbreak, tends to reflect that unconscious-indifference consciously, and the result is the humdrum state of affairs symbolised by the kiss which is withheld for no other reason than because it is *expected*—a sub-conscious contrariness which besets even the best of us except when we are in our most lovable mood. Unfortunately, it tends to make the one *deprived* only the more anxious to *obtain*; with the result that the withholder takes one step forward along the dangerous path of becoming spoilt. And no spoilt person can ever keep up the early demonstration of either gratitude or passion. It is at once their luck and their misfortune. For they still continue to be loved, but it *doesn't do them any lasting good*. And the more I see of spoilt people—I don't mean the insufferably spoilt, but those who unconsciously and instinctively attract the spoilers—the more clearly I realise that it is a natural gift—like strength of will or superlative good looks.

Nobody knows where their special charm lies; but there it is, and for them no lane or broad highway in life but will be tended by loving hands. And it isn't anything to do with wealth, or intellect,

or beauty; still less with virtue. It is just a psychological "something" which attracts and blossoms by its own attraction. Nor is it in the least a plain straightforward expression of sex. The spoilt are often as spoiled by their own sex as they are by the opposite. It is, I suspect, in the same category as charm—indefinable but *there*—and no one brought within its influence and remaining within its orbit can escape it altogether.

Least of all those who are born to love. As a passionately devoted wife confided to me recently: "Yes, I know my husband is spoiled. He has been spoiled all his life. Not badly, of course; but just enough to feel stunned when life is none too easy. But I am not going to spoil him myself. It isn't good for him. It isn't good for anybody. Nor will it, in the long run, be good for me—for our happiness, I mean." To which I added the mental reflection: "Quite right, my dear. But if you don't spoil him *some other woman will!*"

Only the spoilt manage to love wisely; the spoilers inevitably find their deepest woe as well as their greatest happiness in loving too well. Yet, of the two, they alone know love! Nevertheless, living together is never merely a question of fun and games; even though lots of young people get married on the assumption that it is. And, strangely enough, the spoilers often come through the ordeal better than the spoilt. It is their bitter-sweet reward.



To Marry Again Bertram Park

Mrs. Esther McCracken, the well-known playwright, whose plays, "Quiet Wedding" and "Quiet Week-End," have given joy to thousands, is shortly to marry Mr. Mungo Campbell, second son of Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell, of The Manor House, Wormley, Hertfordshire. Mrs. McCracken is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Armstrong, of Rothbury, Northumberland, and the widow of Lt.-Col. Angus M. McCracken, D.S.O., M.C., R.A.

And there was the General's pet baby donkey, which refused to co-operate when the Press wished to photograph it as a third with the General and Noel Coward. Having bitten its owner sharply in the thigh, it backed out of the picture. "So the General and I were taken sitting on a wall and staring at each other with embarrassing intensity."

Middle East Diary, as one might expect, glitters with funny moments. But it has a background of disabused and shrewd observation. Not absent, for instance, from the Cairo passages is the Noel Coward on whom the sophisticates in his own plays have never imposed. "Here they" (the Cairo good-timers) "have all stayed, with the exception of men on leave, floating about lazily in this humid backwater for four long years. It was odd to see this all going on again, enjoyable, of course, for a brief, a very brief, visit, but it felt rather old-fashioned and almost lacking in taste." In sharp contrast with this appear the arid camps full of homesick men, and the wards of the hospitals.

This was a desert hospital, mostly under canvas, and I saw some bad cases. I am deeply and for ever impressed with the behaviour and courage of our men. Their inherent, deep-rooted good manners make it impossible to pity them. One can privately, very privately, allow oneself a little personal compassion for their broken bodies, but their spirit is clear and above pity. . . . For me, a stranger coming in from the outside, sound of limb, healthy and secure, it was a salutary and humbling

(Concluded on page 312)



A Group at W.V.S. Regional Headquarters, Bristol

Mrs. Burn, Regional Food Officer; Mrs. Sargent, V.C.P. Officer; Mrs. Rickets, Transport Officer; Mrs. Hickling, Training Officer; Mrs. Watts, Public Relations Officer; Miss Gibson, Secretary to Food and Services Welfare Department; Mrs. Boucher, Equipment Officer

Three W.V.S. Centres

Their Organisers and Some of Their Staff

Photographs by Swaebe



Five more members of the Bristol W.V.S. are Mrs. Hart, Miss P. Godfrey, Regional Organiser; Miss E. Wade, Regional Administrator; Mrs. Shorland, Regional Secretary; Mrs. R. C. Mapas, County Borough Organiser for Sheffield



Organisers of the Berkshire County W.V.S.

Mrs. Roland Cohen, Mrs. Eric Palmer, County Organiser, and Miss Finch, at Berkshire County W.V.S. Headquarters, deal with over 4000 people, and have been very busy recently finding accommodation for evacuees from the bombed areas



Windsor and Rural Area W.V.S. Chiefs

Mrs. Leslie W. Needham, Lady May Abel-Smith, Mrs. Dudley Charles, Central Organiser for Windsor and Rural Area, and Mrs. Fisher, amongst their many other activities, run an exchange clothing bureau, where men of the Forces can bring their clothes to be repaired

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 295)

when they are in residence at the Castle, a responsibility which involves looking after all A.R.P. and kindred matters. In addition, he is Keeper of the King's Archives, a position far removed from being a sinecure: and he also finds time to take an active interest in the affairs of four famous schools—Winchester, of which he is a Fellow; Wellington, of which he is Vice-President; and Haileybury and the Imperial Service College, of which he is a Governor. Westminster Hospital knows him as an energetic and always-willing President, and as a director of one of the "Big Four" he is an important figure in the Railway world—no bad record for a man who was born seventy-one years ago, and had his first commission in the Royal Artillery over half a century ago.

This is the first leave that Lord Wigram has been able to take for a very long time, and he is spending it quietly, with long days in the open air at Newtonmore.



A Garden Party in Worcestershire

Countess Beauchamp, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the Officer-in-Charge of a group of U.S. hospitals and Lady Hardwicke were present at a garden party at Priory Park, Malvern, for British and American wounded. Sir Cedric, who recently returned to England after seven years in the United States, is Associate Director of the Malvern Festival, and his last appearance on the English stage was at the Festival of 1937, in "Return to Sanity"



Clapperton

A Garden Fete in Scotland

Capt. the Hon. F. C. and Mrs. Montgomerie, at whose home, Gattonside House, Melrose, the garden fete was held, are seen above with Lady Stratheden, who opened the proceedings, and Provost Acheson of Melrose. Proceeds of the fete were devoted to War Service funds

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

experience and one which I never intend to forget until the end of my days. Once having seen all this; once having been brought face to face with one of the strangest paradoxes of human experience; the spirit of man triumphant in adversity, it will be difficult to tolerate the inevitable anti-climaxes that will come afterwards. It is a sad reflection and, I think, a true one, that this light cannot shine permanently. . . . These men will come home. That will be the test, not of them, but of us.

Top Dog

THE Artist versus Society has, as a theme, been a boon to fiction. We owe to it some remarkable, but equally many specious and claptrap novels. The author, of course, can take either side: Dickens supported Society when he created Harold Skimpole (who, besides being a minor character, was a would-be rather than genuine artist). James Joyce supported the Artist when he created Stephen Dedalus. For the pro-Society group, the aberrations of the Bohemian have always provided excellent fun. The pro-Artist group have, I notice, more and more tended to depict the artist as a suffering creature, got down by everybody and everything, martyred when he falls in love. There has perhaps been rather too much of this excessive solicitude, or self-solicitude. One grows tired of propaganda for under-dogs.

There is nothing of this in *The Horse's Mouth* (Michael Joseph, 6s. 6d.). Joyce Carey, whose latest novel this is, is always to be relied upon for a deeply original point of view. Or rather, he appears original because he arrives at truths to which we are not accustomed. He states his truths in an almost offhand manner, as though they were obvious—as, indeed, they should be. As a novelist, pure and simple (and what a lot that implies!), Mr. Carey is in the first rank. But also, as an instinctive thinker, he has done, perhaps without knowing, important work in clearing away the junk of phoney ideas and synthetic sentiments that have for so long blocked man's view of his fellow-men.

Here, therefore, in *The Horse's Mouth*, we have an artist hero who is a born top-dog, of gigantic gusto, on excellent terms with life. You will, I hope, remember Gulley Jimson, who played a big part in the fortunes of Sara Monday in Mr. Carey's novel-before-last, *Herself Surprised*. Gulley gave Sara what many might call a bad deal—though Mr. Carey qualifies even this: those two were on to a big thing. In *The Horse's Mouth* the two destinies cross again, and old Gulley, as in the old days, knocks old Sara about, and she dies—maintaining to the police, with her last breath, that her "assailant" had been a red-haired sailor. Yes, Gulley is a crook all right—but is he? His good faith with regard to life is absolute. He believes the best of everyone—cannot be bothered to do anything else. Emerging from prison, at the beginning of the novel, he dashes back again to his unfinished picture. Nothing but painting matters—nothing else matters throughout the book. His remaining span of life (which is to be brief) is one intrigue for paints, for paintable space, for the necessary solitude and for time. For these, money—which otherwise does not interest him—is necessary: he therefore obtains it, or attempts to obtain it, where and from whom he can.

"Six Men"

SUCH is the curious power of Mr. Carey that you, the reader, neither like nor dislike Gulley: simply, you yourself *are* Gulley, for the duration of the book. His vast, ruthless naturalness, his impatient economy, suspends your judgment. Only vaguely, and as though in the distance, do you realise that all the other characters—Coker, Nosy, Hickson, the blameless Sir William and Lady Beeding—are being victimised by him. Only in Sara does he meet his temperamental match, and only in Professor Alabaster, a fellow-crook—though on a much smaller scale. At the end, our Mr. Jimson, painting a whale on a wall that is in the course of being demolished (war has just broken out, but that does not matter), has, literally, got away with murder. Here we have Jimson on women—

Every billet has its bullet, there's a fatal woman waiting for every man. Luckily he doesn't often meet her. I was born six men and I had six fates, but thank God I only met five of them. . . .

The language, throughout, is Gulley. In parts you may find it over-staccato, in parts turgid. You might call *The Horse's Mouth* a demonic comedy. Comedy in the straight sense reaches its climax when Gulley and his friend, the sculptor, move into the absent Beedings' blameless and well-appointed Kensington flat.

The Good Girl and the Bad Girl

IN *I Want to Be Happy* (Collins; 8s. 6d.) Ann Stafford does unexpectedly clever things with her characters. I do not mean (obviously) that cleverness on the part of Miss Stafford is unexpected: all her books would go to prove the reverse. I mean that, given the original layout, the development of the two sisters and, accordingly, of the plot, are unforeseen—and, at the same time, perfectly psychologically possible. Here we have Alice and Maureen Bell, living in London in wartime. Alice is (apparently) a selfless war-worker and devoted elder sister, Maureen a worthless little good-timer—and kleptomaniac. As *I Want to Be Happy* proceeds on its skilful way, we begin (as Miss Stafford intends) to reverse our values: Alice's weak-minded, unimaginative fatuity appears; Maureen begins to grow her own kind of soul. A third woman, dear, shady, warmhearted Polly, becomes the touchstone. I admired this novel, which I recommend to you, more and more as I read on.

B

BENTLEY

The Silent Sports Car



BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LIMITED, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

MAYFAIR 4412

UNLIMITED READING for 10/- a year

For sheer value in these days—or in those other days for that matter—W. H. Smith & Son's Library Service takes some beating. A year's unlimited reading—unlimited in the sense that you can exchange books as often as you wish—still costs no more today than it did before the war, despite the increased prices of books: 10/- through the "B" Service, £1 through the "A" Service. The supply of books available is well-nigh inexhaustible; the number of W.H.S. branches giving library service over 500; and subscribers who cannot conveniently visit a library branch to make their exchanges can have their books sent direct from Head Office simply by paying the postage.

W. H. Smith & Son's Library is not only the source of good reading, but a W.H.S. Library Subscription is about the best bargain for booklovers there is! Why not ask the librarian at any W.H.S. Library branch to enrol you as a member without delay?

W. H. SMITH & SON

NEWSAGENTS • BOOKSELLERS • STATIONERS
PRINTERS • BOOKBINDERS • ADVERTISING
AGENTS • LENDING LIBRARY

1500 Branches in England & Wales

Head Office: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Strand House,
London, W.C.2



DEPENDABILITY



Since 1932 Britain's Radio Headquarters have been located at Broadcasting House, London, where a round-the-clock news and programme service employing 48 languages is maintained. The B.B.C. calls to mind what millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "There's Dependability for you!"

CLEAN PLUGS SAVE PETROL AND
IMPROVE ENGINE PERFORMANCE



CHAMPION

PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

● **This Tuxedo Box-Coat**, its long, straight lines removing inches as if by magic, is made of fine quality black coating, with a quilted lining for luxurious warmth. (18 coupons.) It is a Harella from *Dickins and Jones*. Approx. £12 1s. 6d.



CASUAL COATS



FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

● **The Swagger Coat** that goes anywhere—goes over anything. As right in town as it is in country, it is an everlasting necessity in a well-planned wardrobe. This is of heavy-weight checkback material, half-lined with centre back pleat. (15 coupons only.) A Harella design from *Selfridges*. Approx. £5 2s. 10d.



An Apology

The famous "Powder-Puff design" known by millions of women throughout the world as the symbol of Perfect Face Powder can no longer be printed because of its gay multiplicity of colours. (It will return like other pleasant things when Victory is won).

We have had two "Special Packs," with our "Powder-Puff design" since the War began. Stocks of these will soon be exhausted and we are now presenting a third Temporary Model, as illustrated, the contents of which (in spite of its "Spartan simplicity") are of pre-war quality and perfection.

No change whatsoever has occurred in the formula or processing, and the ingredients employed are of the original high standard of purity.

BEWARE of "Air Spun" offered loose, or in any other form of pack than the three mentioned above. They can only be imitations.

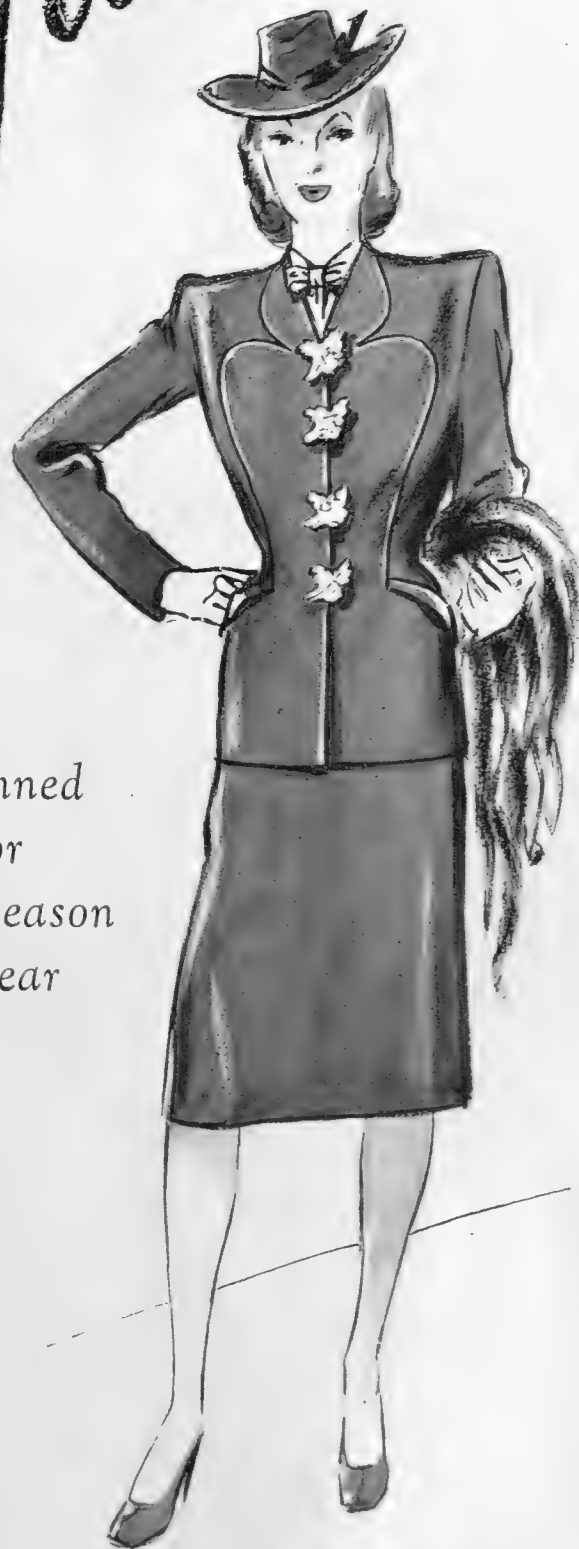
The necessities of war must for the time being limit the production of Coty Air Spun and other Beauty aids which have thrilled the world of women, but we are confident the time is now within sight when we hope the removal of restrictions will enable Coty to provide all the indispensable aids to Beauty.



Coty **AIR SPUN**
THE POWDER THAT STAYS ON

CI28

Harrods



Planned
for
all-season
wear

A suit of smooth, soft wool, designed to flatter the slender figure. The skirt, pencil slim—the jacket, collarless with original front seaming and ornamental fastenings. Brown or black. Hips 36-38. (18 coupons) **£15.18.3**

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

FEELING was running high at a football match and the referee came in for some pointed criticism, but kept on giving decisions against the home team. After yet another incident and adverse decision, a plaintive cry came from a saddened supporter: "Oh, ref, can't you see a foul unless it's got feathers on?"

THE lady of the house suspected that one of her sons was paying attention to the maid. Anxious to find out which one of them it was, she said to the girl:

"Mary, supposing you had the chance to go to a cinema with one of my two sons, which one would you choose?"

"Well," replied Mary, "it's hard to say, for I've had some good times with both of them, but, for a real rollicking spree, give me the master!"

PAT was being shown over a new house by the estate agent, who was perhaps a little more inclined to candour than some of his tribe.

"I think I must tell you," said the agent, "that there is one drawback to this house. It is very close to the railway, and you may be disturbed at night by the trains. Still, I'm quite sure that after two or three days you'll get used to it and not notice it."

Pat thought for a moment, then said:

"Sure an' ye needn't worry. Oi'll sleep at me brother's the first three nights."

THE Hollywood film producer who had lunched very well returned to the studio for an interview with a distinguished author. His visitor was waiting.

The producer sat down and took up what he thought was a manuscript, but what, in reality, was the local telephone directory. This he studied gravely for a few moments before saying:

"Say, this isn't a bad li'l tale, but you'll have to cut down the number of characters."

AN old lag was in the dock once again for picking pockets. The magistrate addressed him sternly.

"Well! I hope you've got a good excuse for being here again," he demanded. The pickpocket looked up. "It's like this, yer lordship," he answered. "Me excuse this time is these 'ere utility suits; the pockets is so small that every time I puts me 'and in one it gets stuck!"

A CLUB of eccentric young men had for one of their rules that on Tuesday evenings any man who asked in the clubroom a question which he was unable to answer himself should pay a fine of ten shillings. One evening Tomkinson asked: "Why doesn't a ground squirrel leave any dirt round the top of his hole when he digs it?"

After some deliberation he was called upon to answer his own question.

"That's easy," he said.

"The squirrel starts at the bottom and digs up."

"All very nice," suggested a member, "but how does it get to the bottom?"

"That's your question," said Tomkinson.



John Pickers

Joyce Redman is a member of the newly formed Old Vic Company whose season opened last week at the New Theatre with a memorable performance of "Peer Gynt." In this play Miss Redman appears as Solveig and in "Arms and the Man"—the second production of the repertory programme—as Louka, the maid. She made her first appearance on the London stage at the Playhouse in 1935 as the First Tiger Lily in "Alice Through the Looking Glass," and in 1938 appeared as Alice at the "Q".

When he came home, she said: "Well, I hope you remembered to put on a clean shirt every evening." "Oh, yes," said he. "Counting the one I went away in, I've got all four on now."

FOLLOWING the Axis rout in Egypt in 1942, an officer of a London regiment offered each man in his platoon five shillings for every hundred prisoners they captured. In the course of a few days he paid out a goodly sum, but was rather worried about a youngster named Levy who hadn't been seen since the offer was made.

One morning he looked out and saw thousands of prisoners coming in with Levy leading the way.

"Where have you been all this time?" he asked.

"Collecting prisoners at five shillings a hundred," replied Levy.

"How many have you got?"

"Five thousand, sir."

"And where did you get that lot?"

"Well, sir, bizness is bizness. I bought 'em off the Aussies at a bob a hundred."

ACARELESS, very absent-minded explorer was asked to stay a few days at a country house. His wife, realizing that he was to be the lion of the party, told him to be sure to put on a clean shirt every evening, and packed him one for each night.

THE GALA GALLERY OF GRACE AND GAIETY



'THE FOUNTAIN' Watteau

In his short life of thirty-seven years, Antoine Watteau (1684-1721) painted some of the world's acknowledged masterpieces. His pictures, however frivolous their subjects, combine a wistful and romantic charm with a sincerity deeper than any of his contemporaries. Gala can lend a touch of his enchantment to the grim world in which we live today



GALA LIPSTICK
REFILLS (fit almost any case) • FACIAL CREAM • POWDER



The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



Provincial Enquiries:
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
LONDON, W.1

AGENTS
IN WEST END
& PROVINCES

Nicolls of Regent Street
20 Regent Street London W.1 Tel. Regent 1951

Thank goodness I always bought

'Viyella'
Regd

Washed and
washed again
it still
looks new!



'Viyella' and 'Clydella' are
"absent on Service" at home
and overseas, so ask for
'Dayella' the Utility cloth
which carries the same 'Day
and Night Wear' guarantee
of quality. 'Dayella' is ab-
solutely dependable for babies
and children's wear, it washes
beautifully and does not shrink.
G 3.



*Did you
Sleep well
last Night?*

WHEN you awake in the morning,
bright-eyed, refreshed and full of
energy . . . looking forward to the new
day with cheerfulness and confidence . . .
you can claim to have enjoyed a good
night's sleep.

If you find such restful, restorative sleep the exception rather than the
rule, try the effect of a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' every night at bedtime.
Its soothing nourishment will help you to relax, bring sleep more readily,
and assist in making that sleep completely refreshing and restorative.

Then you will know why 'Ovaltine' is acknowledged to be "The world's
best nightcap."

Drink
delicious

OVALTINE

P.615A

"Hey-day"
By
JOYCE

Russell & Bromley
BEDFORD · BROMLEY · CHICHESTER · CROYDON
EALING · EASTBOURNE · GUILDFORD · HERNE BAY
LEYTONSTONE · RYDE · SEVENOAKS · ST. LEON-
ARDS-ON-SEA · STREATHAM · TORQUAY · TUN-
BRIDGE WELLS and WINCHESTER
Personal Shoppers only.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Giving them the Air

LORD BRABAZON spoke vigorously and to some purpose at the luncheon held by the British Overseas Airways Corporation in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first, scheduled, regular-service flight between London and Paris. He made two main points which met with the approval of a great many of the guests: first that a greater effort ought to be devoted immediately to the production of commercial aircraft in this country, and, second that unless aviation's progress is directed better in the future than it has been in the past, it will inevitably lead to yet another and much more terrible war. He mentioned some of the new American transport machines, drew the lesson of our own unreadiness and urged that the way to ensure that Britain held a high position in commercial aviation in the future was not to indulge in propagandist back-biting against the Americans, but to put our own house, or rather our own aeroplanes, in order.

Lord Brabazon is a natural speaker, relying largely upon his own innate wit to draw attention to his points. He followed Sir Archibald Sinclair who is, on the other hand, a "practised" speaker, using that term to mean that his technique is the result of calculated study. His sincerity is, perhaps, his greatest asset and on this occasion it succeeded in earning the approval of many eminent guests who would not for a moment accept the policy for which he is primarily responsible.

My own view on the future prospects is concerned with the freedom or bondage of all who are in or of the flying business in this country. Prodigious subsidies will not put us first. The aim must be to free the individual genius and natural pioneer from hosts of restrictions and forms. The originator does not take kindly to forms and regulations: Nothing kills inventiveness more swiftly.

Film Parallel

I WOULD say that the future of British commercial aviation is dependent upon much the same things as the future of British films. You cannot put Britain ahead in either the one or the other by spending money

on them. You can only put her ahead by providing the fullest liberty to all who are interested to experiment and to work without interference from anybody. Speaking as an ordinary film-goer, with no knowledge of the critical canon, I would say that the only films of the pre-war period that did not make an adult spectator squirm in his seat for their ineptness were the French films which often cost only a small fraction of the American ones. The reason was that there was a greater freedom for directors and actors. It must be borne in mind that the forms and returns and legalistic quibblings and governmental ambiguities, although they hinder all work, hinder the small man and the man with the new idea, much more than the big man with the old idea. Unless aviation in this country shakes itself loose from Government bondage it will never get anywhere.

Guests of Honour

LORD KNOLLYS took the chair on this occasion. He was, I believe, a private aeroplane owner at one time. 'Out of twenty-three people at the top table, he was one of eight who had ever piloted an aeroplane . . . not a very satisfactory proportion on an occasion intended to celebrate an early commercial flight. I certainly expected to see "Bill" Lawford on the chairman's right. I expected to see Shaw somewhere at the top table. I expected to hear them say something of their early experiences. But it seems to be the British Overseas Airways policy that money and position mean more than pioneering experience.

With the greatest respect I would urge the Corporation to think on these things. The pioneer pilot deserves some recognition. And no organization in the world has owed more to its early pilots than the British



Wing-Comdr. H. B. Collins, M.V.O., D.F.C., is the man who had the double responsibility of piloting the aircraft in which the King returned from his tour of the Italian battlefields, and more recently, that which carried the Prime Minister on his return journey from Italy

chosen instrument. It may be sound tactics to seek the approval of those in high positions in politics and finance; but fair dealing demands that the pilot should not be forgotten. Any thing that makes it look as if British civil aviation is being passed from the hands of the doers into the hands of the backers is undesirable. Remember that bureaucracy is inept because it transfers the control to an army of desk-watchers and keeps the doers under

Vapour Trails

NOR long ago I was studying a large number of combat films and many of them showed Focke-Wulf 190s in action against either British or American fighters. A thing that struck me forcibly and for which I have not yet heard a completely satisfactory explanation, was that as the Focke-Wulf 190s were trying to get away, they made vapour trails with their wing tips. The frequency of this occurrence was very noticeable. Other German fighters do not create these vapour trails so

often. Nor do our own fighters. What is the reason? A possible explanation is that the Focke-Wulf 190 is much more highly loaded than our own fighters; but I think that one other thing should also be taken into account: the remarkable quickness in roll of the 190. Our own pilots join in praising its aileron control and in stating that it is the quickest ever. I find that pilots who have frequently met the 190 in combat say the same thing. They find it lightning quick on the lateral controls. May it not be that the powerful ailerons have something to do with the aircraft's habit of making vapour trails when turning in the dive? The only good alternative explanation I have heard is that the vapour trails arise from the turbulence caused by a somewhat squarish and blunt wing tip.



Give
your natural
beauty
**SPRING
BLOSSOM**
freshness

Beauty is Skin Deep — that's the most important thing to remember about beauty care. Research by Atkinsons cosmeticians into means of enhancing beauty and preserving youth have now resulted in this lovely new cream — Skin Deep — which contains the very elements that keep your skin *naturally* young, supple and free from blemishes. But Skin Deep keeps on working when nature, for one reason or another, relaxes. Use Skin Deep every day to give you a soft, satiny base for make-up; it holds powder with fascinating smoothness all day long, and because it is softening and improving your complexion all the time you have it on, Skin Deep produces seeable results almost at once.

★ ★ Use Skin Deep at night too
For every woman over 20, nightly use of Skin Deep is essential. It sinks right into the skin to do its good work, and is easily and readily absorbed even by the most sensitive skin.

ATKINSONS
Skin Deep

BEAUTY CREAM

5/10 (including tax)

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



What does the name mean to you?

The unique Metatarsal cushion — illustrated here — which protects the delicate bones across the ball of the foot and reduces any unnatural strain is one of the outstanding features that distinguish Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes from all others. These features are 'married' into every

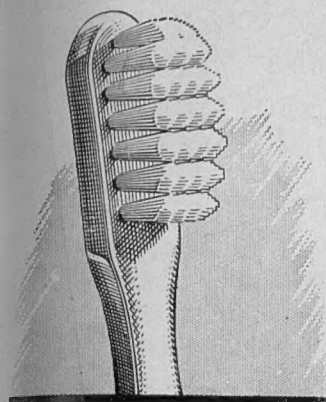
Arch Preserver last, itself the result of a lifetime study of foot shapes. Finally — and this is important — you will be fitted accurately when you choose Selberite Arch Preserver. Remember the name. It identifies the only shoe in the world with *all* the features you need.

Selberite
ARCH PRESERVER Shoes

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD. (London Office), 17-18 OLD BOND ST. W.1



**EVERYBODY
WANTS A...**



Tek

TOOTHBRUSH

The strictly limited supplies are being fairly distributed—but disappointments are unavoidable.

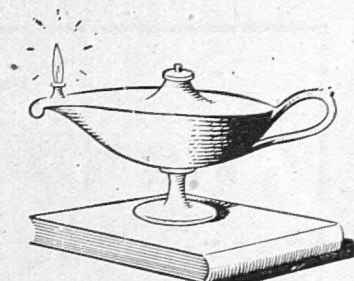
SO DON'T BLAME YOUR CHEMIST

BRISTLES: 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d.
NYLON: 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4d.

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON & JOHNSON
(Gt. Britain) Limited, Slough & Gargrave T.15

Half-health's no good
in the Navy! There's a
job to be done and it
needs fitness to do it.

— every morning take
ENO'S
“FRUIT SALT”
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)



*“In the present
state of medical
knowledge...”*

Exactly *how* exhausted nerves are revitalized by the special combination which is found only in ‘Sanatogen’ Nerve Tonic has never been fully explained, any more than the ultimate ‘why’ of Penicillin or of the Sulphonamides. The important thing is that ‘Sanatogen’ *does* renew exhausted vitality and soothe jangled nerves. Ask for ‘Sanatogen’ Nerve Tonic at your chemist's today.

‘SANATOGEN’

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

*In one size only during war time —
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).*

9 A ‘GENATOSAN’ Product.

**BEATRICE JACKSON
ELECTROLYSIST**

19 MANCHESTER SQUARE, W.1
WELBECK 7394

*Pyjamas
of
Distinction*

TAILORED BY
BONSOIR
USUALLY FROM
ALL LEADING
STORES

Jacqmar
Newest Propaganda Scarf
“Into Battle”
Each square is printed with
the 121 authentic Badges of
every regular regiment of
the British Army. Obtainable
at most high class Stores
throughout the country.
**67/- and 2 coupons - or from
Jacqmar 16 GROSVENOR ST, LONDON W.1**

**Lady
in Black
MODEL**

REGD.
LADY IN BLACK FASHIONS LTD.
Canberra House, 315 Regent St., London, W.1

“If ifs and ands were
pots and pans...”
... says the old nursery rhyme,
“there'd be no work for tinkers.” And
if every child had a real home and
loving parents, there would be no
work for us. Unfortunately there are
still only too many children being badly
treated or otherwise in need of wise
and loving care. Since war began we
have accepted 10,000 children, each
one of them sorely in need of our help.
Our picture shows just a few out of all
those thousands. Will you help us to
keep them happy and open our doors
to others?
10/- will keep one of them for a week.
Any help (however small) gratefully
received by the Secretary.
**W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E., Church of England WAIFS & STRAYS
SOCIETY, JOEL STREET, PINNER, Middlesex, England**
(Bankers: Barclays Bank Ltd., Kennington, S.E.11)

*Gladys Cooper's
natural
BLUSH
ROUGE*

★
Gladys Cooper Beauty Preparations,
recommended by twelve leading
beauty editresses, are at present
in short supply. It may be a case
of “try, try, try again”; but
they are well worth the trouble.

Railborne to victory

Without fuel not a plane, lorry nor tank can move, not a factory can produce: without food no soldier can fight, no worker can work. Fuel and food are vital, and the railways carry supplies where they are needed. The railways are an indispensable link in the chain of victory.



BRITISH RAILWAYS

GWR • LMS • LNER • SR



FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.

CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French
OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



KERFOOT'S MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH • ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

P1

Threads from the loom of time



PRESERVING A TRADE SECRET

INDUSTRY today is not averse to taking customers behind the scenes. It was very different in the latter half of the 19th century when manufacturing processes were carefully guarded secrets.

At this period Courtaulds silk crapes were at the pinnacle of their popularity, and their designs and processes were both exclusive and inimitable. The firm's partners alone knew the secret of the final finishing which gave these crapes their unique effects.

Today the vast Courtaulds enterprise seeks not to hide but to broadcast the improvements achieved after years of development.

Despite present concentration of the Company's full energies on war work, research goes on with unabated vigour. The results will be apparent to everybody when Courtaulds rayons are again available, more beautiful, and more serviceable than ever.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON



Hurrah!
**BERMALINE
BREAD**
*is worth
going for*



Good, pure, delicious
food. A treat to eat—
and easily digested.

Baked by good Bakers everywhere.

Enquiries to:
MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. • BRDX • GLASGOW.



Valstar
"777"
Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY AND
DESIGN

In normal times the best shops
have "VALSTAR" Supplies are,
however, now strictly limited.

VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, LANCs.
Also at 314 Regent Street, London, W.1

Problem

FIND THE PLACKET



GOR-RAY

Regd.
Skirts
LOOK FOR THE
'GOR-RAY'
LABEL ON THE
WAISTBAND

No, there isn't any placket. No buttons or other fasteners on the hips to cause bulkiness or spoil the symmetry of the hip line. The now fashionable 'ZWOW' man-style pocket supersedes the old style placket and provides the neatest of neat fasteners on the waistband. Good drapers and stores everywhere stock 'GOR-RAY' Skirts in a wide variety of attractive styles featuring the 'ZWOW.'

ALL THE BETTER FOR THE 'Zwow' POCKET

Issued by: C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

Scientific

The wise bird never catches
anything— *(thanks to Wright's)*



For over three-quarters of a century Wright's Coal Tar Soap has remained the favourite soap for family use and in nurseries and schools. Today its cleansing and protective properties are also specially appreciated by members of the forces on service at home or abroad.



Wright's
Coal Tar Soap